

ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS,  
Published every Tuesday, by  
M. M. VIALI.  
J. C. VIALI, Editor.  
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Over A. L. Power & Co's Store.

JOB PRINTING

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Saddles, Brilles, Whips, Horse Blankets, Buggy  
Cushions and Mats. Custom made French Calf  
and Kip Boots and Shoes. Boots and a gen-  
eral stock of everything pertaining to the leather  
trade. Mr. M. can now be found at his new store,  
in rear of J. T. Bostwick's hardware store, where  
he will be pleased to see his friends.

LIVERY STABLE.  
The subscribers have removed from the Krasins  
Barn to their New Stable, on the corner of Second  
street and Section Line Road, where they are  
prepared to furnish.

Livery Rigs  
Of all kinds, reasonable rates.  
McGinn & McGinn.

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Ready-Made Mortar for Sale at all  
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First Class Hotel,  
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M. S. GAGNON, Proprietor.

# Alpena Weekly Argus.

Independent in all Things--Neutral in Nothing. Politically Democratic.  
VOLUME I. ALPENA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1871. NUMBER 16.

BURRELL HOUSE,  
Alpena, Mich.,  
A. E. McCLAIN, Prop'r.

Situated within a short distance of the  
Magnetic Springs.

WIK EES ONV TIVO  
Formerly occupied by E. K. Kesselmeier.

In Blackburn's Building.

BARBER SHOP

JOY! JOY!! JOY!!!

Good News to the Afflicted.

The Alpena Magnetic Spring Company  
Beg leave to announce to the public that their new  
Bath House is now open to all. The water of this  
Spring is very pure and contains many remarkable  
cures have been effected by its use. It cures many  
diseases of the Skin, Scalds, Rheumatism, Chronic  
and Indigestion, Paralysis, Dropsy, Dys-  
pepsia, Kidney Complaint, Neuritis and all nerv-  
ous diseases. Those who are afflicted need despair!  
Let all come and see for themselves. Cures are  
being performed every day which are truly wonderful.  
Both House open from 5 A. M. until 10 P. M. dur-  
ing the week, and from 6 to 10 A. M. on Sundays.  
Consulting Physician and Manager.

1871. 1871.

Season Arrangements!

The Fast, Low Pressure, Upper Cabin Passenger

Steamer Calena,  
Capt. Finlason,  
WILL LEAVE  
Cleveland every Friday, at 8 o'clock P. M.  
Detroit every Saturday, at 6 o'clock P. M.  
Marine City every Sunday, at 10 o'clock P. M.  
St. Clair every Sunday, at 12 o'clock P. M.  
Port Huron every Sunday, at 5 o'clock A. M.  
Leaving every Sunday, at 7 o'clock A. M.  
Port Hope every Sunday, at 12 o'clock P. M.  
Auburn every Sunday, at 5 o'clock P. M.  
Arrive at Alpena every Friday morning.

RETURNING, WILL LEAVE  
Alpena every Tuesday, at 11 o'clock P. M.  
Auburn every Tuesday, at 11 o'clock P. M.  
Arrive at Detroit Thursday, at 8 o'clock A. M.  
For passage or freight apply to the following  
agents:  
A. E. Russell & Son, Detroit, Mich.  
T. Luce & Co., Alpena, Mich.  
Bell, Cartwright & Co., Cleveland, O.

Can be made by canvassing for  
Our Own Fireside!

OUR OWN FIRESIDE is a large, 16-page Let-  
ter, with fine illustrations, and the best of  
stories and family reading. Price \$1.50 a year.

EVERY SUBSCRIBER  
Receives a  
Fine Fruit Chromo  
AS A PREMIUM.

Which Would Retail for \$5  
Send twenty-cent stamp for sample paper. Any one  
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write to the publisher, an arrangement can be made  
so that the Chromo and paper can be seen before  
the money is forwarded.

The most liberal returns to canvassers are given,  
and with the Fruit Chromo for every subscriber.  
It is so trouble to get subscribers. A prominent  
brought of Washington, D. C., writes that he got  
"more subscribers in ten minutes, by merely show-  
ing the Chromo Premium."

Cash Premiums also given.  
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Dayton, Ohio,  
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Done in the most artistic manner, and at  
short notice.

Having secured the services of one of the best  
painters in the State, I am now prepared to do all  
kinds of work in my line in a manner that cannot  
be excelled in Michigan.

CHAS. GOLLING,  
River street, Alpena.

KNICKERBOCKER  
Life Insurance Co.

Progress of the Company.

INCOME AND EXPENSES.

Period. Income. Expense. Ratio of  
Exp't to Income.

1855 to 1859-6 yrs. \$199,742.21 \$76,042.23 24.79  
1860 to 1864-5 yrs. 371,153.91 109,409.98 29.48  
1865 to 1870-6 yrs. 108,833.17 33,804.25 30.96

Total, 18 yrs. \$1,477,281.29 \$504,256.44 34.15  
Ratio of expense to income for year 1870, 1871,  
being two per cent less than the average of all the  
Companies in the United States.

INCREASE IN ASSETS.

Period. Assets.

1855 to 1859-6 yrs. \$98,419.37  
1860 to 1864-5 yrs. 389,341.99  
1865 to 1870-6 yrs. 1,064,000.00  
Total, 18 yrs. \$1,551,761.36

Add: Capital Stock, \$100,000.00  
Advance on Securities, 7,901.01 107,901.01

Assets, Jan. 1, 1871, \$1,760,662.37

PAID TO POLICYHOLDERS.

In losses. \$1,591,919.56  
Dividends declared. \$1,598,622.43  
Dividends paid in cash. 605,424.63

Total paid Policyholders. \$3,794,966.62

Policy in force, Jan. 1, 1871, 20,517.  
Insurance at risk. \$1,529,961.06  
Ratio of expense to income, less than any New  
York Company, except this.

JOHN BLAKELY,  
Local Agent, Alpena, Mich.  
W. E. GUMP,  
General Agent, South Saginaw, Mich.

The Globe House

LIVERY

BEST RIGS

In the State, which are at the service of the public at a

Reasonable Price!

Therefore, when you want a good turn out, cheap,  
call at the Globe Hotel.

15 J. R. BEACH.

Richard Ambrose,  
HOUSE, SIGN  
AND  
Ornamental Painter!

Particular attention paid to

GRAINING!

Paper-Hanging!

Done in a superior manner, and at the shortest  
notice.

Micro Paints for sale all times.  
Material furnished if desired, at the lowest mar-  
ket prices.

RICHARD AMBROSE,  
Office on Chisholm street, opposite the Bliss  
House, Alpena, Mich.

N. B.

P. M. JOHNSON & CO.

Have, and keep on hand, a fine stock of

DRY GOODS.

Groceries,

Clothing,

Boots,

Hats,

Shoes,

Caps,

&c., &c., &c.,

Which they will sell at the

LOWEST MARKET PRICE.

And are receiving

NEW GOODS

EVERY WEEK.

At Wholesale.

Groceries,

Provisions,

LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

AND

WELLS, STONE & CO.

On line of J. L. & S. R. R.,  
SAGINAW CITY,

Have an immense stock, full and fresh, of

GROCERIES,  
PROVISIONS,  
FLOUR, FEED, PORK,  
BEEF, BUTTER, LARD,  
AND  
Lumbermen's Supplies.

THE JOBBING TRADE!  
The attention of retailers at Alpena and elsewhere  
is invited to our

Stock, Prices and Terms.

The latter we can and will make as advantageous  
as those of any house in Michigan.

FIGURES AS WILL SUIT THEM.

10m1

SUBSCRIBE FOR

THE ARGUS!

22 PER YER. IN ADVANCE!

Parling at the Gate.

We part at the breezy gloaming,  
Here at the garden gate;  
Part for no future meeting,  
Coldly, as if with hate.

I was your slave for a summer;  
Well, it is autumn now;  
Somewhat I must forget it all--  
God knows how!

Perfect as seems your requited,  
What have you found it worth!  
Low I am crushed, I grant you,  
Low as the common earth;

Willing to kneel for your pity,  
Manhood a ruin, now;  
Somewhat the shadow of all I was--  
God knows how!

Where is the triumph! To-morrow  
Distance between us lies:  
To-morrow again, in darkness  
Wrap us in mystery.

Where is your triumph! You answer  
Just with faint laughter, now;  
Somewhat you must repeat, one day--  
God knows how!

UNKNOWN.

Taken at his Word.

A wide cook-kitchen, after the airy  
fashion of New England, with the  
breath of grape blossoms coming in at  
the open windows and a glistening tin  
pan on the table full of dewy, scarlet  
strawberries waiting to be lulled--  
this is our scene, and our dramatic per-  
sona consist of Mrs. Perkins, whose  
drowsily-clicking knitting needles keep  
time to the purr of the overgrown  
Maltese cat, and a pretty girl with  
rather a flushed face, who had just en-  
tered from a doorway leading to the  
hall.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, looking  
up with that ineffably wise expres-  
sion which is imparted to the human  
countenance by round silver spectacles  
perched obliquely on the bridge of the  
nose, "he ain't asleep, is he?"

"Yes he is," was the answer.

"Glorie be thanked for that at  
least," said Mrs. Perkins, apparently  
impaling herself on a long knitting  
needle, which, however, entered harm-  
lessly into the horn sheath that she  
wore at her side, encased in a scollop-  
ped red flannel, "There will be five  
minutes of peace at last. You're tired  
out, ain't you, Dora?"

"Yes," said Theodora White, "I am  
rather tired."

But her languid voice spoke plainly  
that the more accurate phrase would  
have been "very tired."

Theodora White was a slender, soft-  
eyed girl of eighteen, with a complexion  
of pearly clearness, and a rose on  
each cheek--a girl with a pure, straight  
nose and a dimple on her chin, and a  
pretty, pleading way of looking at  
you when she spoke. She sat down  
beside the window, where the mignon-  
ette-scented grape blossoms were sway-  
ing in the summer air, and leaned her  
forehead against the casement.

Mrs. Perkins eyed her with an owl-  
like glance of sympathy.

"It's a shame, so it is," said Mrs.  
Perkins, emphatically. "A man hasn't  
no business to be 'so trying'--no, not  
if he were sick forty times over!--  
Scold, snap, snarl--this ain't right,  
and 'other thing is wrong! That's  
the way he keeps it up. I'd as soon  
wait on the 'old boy' himself."

Theodora smiled faintly, and arch-  
ed her eyebrows.

"Why, Mrs. Perkins, you don't  
mean to compare my Uncle Joseph  
with so obnoxious a personage as you  
allude to?" she said demurely.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, reflect-  
ively, "they ain't so unlike after all--  
I declare, sometimes, when he gets in  
his tantrums, I've two minds and a  
half to give him a good shaking--  
There aint no sense in a man being so  
unreasonable. You can't please him  
no way you can fix it."

"We can at least try, Mrs. Per-  
kins."

"Yes, and that's just what's spoil-  
ing him. He knows very well that if  
he was to want the moon, you'd hunt  
up the longest stepladder, and try to  
reach it down. It always did spoil  
children to let them have all they  
want, and your Uncle Joseph ain't  
nothing but a grown up child."

But I don't let him have all he  
wants, Mrs. Perkins.

"And a pretty kettle of fish there'd  
be if you did. Humph!" and the old  
housekeeper pounced upon her ball as  
if she had for a moment identified it  
with the personage under discussion.

"It mightn't be a bad idea," said  
Theodora, after a moment's thought-  
ful silence.

"Be you crazy?" demanded Mrs.  
Perkins, tartly.

"Hush!" Theodora started from

her seat with uplifted finger. "He is  
awake; he wants me."

And she was gone, swift, noiseless  
as a white-winged dove, before Mrs.  
Perkins could volunteer to go in her  
stead.

"Yes," said Mrs. Perkins to herself,  
"it is a shame. He seems to think  
she's made of cast iron and India rub-  
ber--the old torment."

With this rather illogical expres-  
sion of her opinion, Mrs. Perkins re-  
sumed her knitting more vigorously  
than ever.

Meanwhile Theodora hastened up  
stairs into the closely curtained sick-  
room, where a quarrelsome old gentle-  
man lay, tortured with a great deal of  
"hipo," and a very little actual ill-  
ness. But Uncle Joseph White chose  
to believe that he was very ill; and  
who, pray, was a better judge of the  
state of his bodily health than him-  
self?

He screwed his face up into the re-  
semblance of a nut cracker as his niece  
hurriedly entered the apartment and  
came to his bedside.

"I've been thundering on the floor  
all my arms are ready to drop out of  
their sockets!" he groaned. "Are  
you all deaf down stairs? or has old  
Perkins forgotten there's any one in  
the world but her and her snuff box?"

"I'm very sorry, uncle."

"Actions speak louder than words,"  
snarled Uncle Joseph, ungracefully.

"How do you feel now, Uncle Jo-  
seph?" asked Theodora, soothingly.

"I'm worse."

"Are you?"

"Pulse higher--skin hot--face flush-  
ed; of course I'm worse. This con-  
founded hot room is enough to throw  
any one into a fever! Open every  
door and window--quick!"

Without an instant's hesitation Theo-  
dora unbarred the blinds, and threw  
open four large windows and two  
doors. The light from the western  
sky streamed like a flood of fiery ra-  
diance into the room; the draft, whirl-  
ing through, caught up newspapers,  
flattered the leaves of books, and even  
upset Uncle Joseph's pet bottle of  
medicine.

"O-w-w-w!" roared the old man  
with vehemence, that proved his lungs  
at least to be quite free from disease;  
"do you want to blind me or blow me  
away?"

"You told me to do it, Uncle Jo-  
seph."

"Shut the windows quick--draw the  
curtains," groaned Uncle Joseph--  
"Who's that battering down the door?"

"It's only a very gentle knocking,  
uncle."

"Then I'm nervous. Go and see."  
Presently Theodora returned.

"It's Major Crowfoot, uncle; he  
sends his compliments, and wishes to  
learn how you are."

"Tell him to go to the deuce."

"Yes, uncle."

"Well," said Uncle Joseph, as his  
niece returned to his bedside, after a  
momentary absence, "what did he  
say?"

"He seemed very much offended,  
uncle."

"Offended! at what, pray?" de-  
manded Uncle Joseph.

"I suppose at being told to go to  
the deuce!" answered Theodora quiet-  
ly.

"Girl!" ejaculated the invalid, rais-  
ing himself half-way upon his elbow,  
"you didn't tell him that?"

"Yes I did, uncle. You said your-  
self, 'Tell him to go to the deuce.'"

"Theodora, are you a fool?"

"I'm very sorry, uncle," said Theo-  
dora, beginning to whimper.

Uncle Joseph stared at her in sur-  
prise. Could it be possible that the  
dreary days and weeks of her stead-  
fast attendance had weakened her in-  
tellect and turned her brain?

"Give me my water-gruel," he said  
briefly, after a moment's pondering  
over the unwelcome possibility.

Theodora brought in a neat little  
china bowl, with a silver spoon lying  
on the snowy, folded napkin that  
flanked it on the tray.

Uncle Joseph took one taste, and  
threw down the spoon with a petulant  
sound not unlike a bark.

"Trash, trash! Insipid as dish-wa-  
ter. Throw it to the pigs."

Theodora took up the bowl and  
started obediently for the door.

"Here, here!" roared Uncle Jo-  
seph, "where are you going to?"

"To the pig-pen, uncle."